probably Edw. Hall Wigley '68 ?
(Prof of Greek & German 1872-82)

(24 messages)
"Civil War diary"

January 26, 1861. Dwight Smith received from home today or two since a large cheese box filled with cheese, butter, a mince pie, some cake, apples etc. which is furnishing us quite a treat. There has been considerable grumbling about our rations and in reality for part of the time at least we have had rather ppor fare. Our meals have been frequently composed of hard seed bisquit and coffee; and the hard bread is quite hard at that.....

We are drilling constantly, now, twice a day, in the forenoon in the saddle and in the afternoon in the sabre exercise.

April 10, 1861. Yesterday, was the stormiest, coldest, mudiest time we have seen this winter and in this weather we struck our tents and packed up our equipments and started off through the mud as cold, cross, and dirty as human beings often are. We arrived here, which means out in the woods about a mile from anywhere in particular and about a mile and onehalf from the nearest pickets of the enemy. As you may imagein, we were rather downheabted when we arrived here last night and had to wait three or four hours for our tents and had to shovel off the snow to clear a place on which to place them, and then to go into the tents and lie down without stoves and leave the poor horses out in the storm.

At another time our squadron made a reconnaissance and went over the Blue Ridge Mountains. We forded one river and went up for a long distance until we reached the summitt, and then right down the other dide. It rained all the time and in fording the Shenendoah the current being swift swept the feet out from under some of the horses and let the riders down into the stream. Hence we were pretty wet when we reached camp. When we were at Woodstock there was a rich secession lady who let me play on her piano one night.

August 18, 1861. Soon after we had emerged from the woods which form a part of the previous battle ground and which our forces were holding we saw the long lines of rebel host drawn up in dark away away in an advantageous position in the front. We advanced cautiously expecting every moment that the rebel artillary would open upon us. This is the hardest part of the battle, the suspense while waiting for the first shot to be fired. There are a great many splendid planatations here whose owners have left them. One house I have been to once or twice where all the furniture is left. A splendid t## piano was among the rest, on which I played a couple hours. It is strange that these people are so foolish as to leave their homes in imaginary dread of the vandals as they call us, for when the soldiers find all this property alone left alone and unprotected they always will pillage more or less of it. But this taking the oath of allegiance is what troubles them. Like cross children they are mad and won't eat and so are courting starvation, but as starvation will always bring the children to their supper so it will at length bring the spirit of these haughty southerners. We thought of Commencement as we lay in the woods.

Jan. 1, 1862. I am sitting in the tent without a fire. The warm sun streaming through the canvas and making it quite comfortable here. We have been here but a few days but we shall undoubtedly stay here through the winter. Our horses are stationed for the present in the woods nearby where we have built stalls for them of pine boughs. We do not live very weel yet. Out cook room is down in the woods. There are not cups or plates enough for the whole company and those who get there last must wait until the others get through. Then each man gets a tin cup of coffee and something

else, sometimes hard bread or seed crackers and sometimes soft bread. Sometimes warm meat, and cold sometimes. We have rice about twice a week a beans as often. Bye and bye we shall have potatoes but we don't know. It is now New Year's Eve and there is a good deal of wind but we are sitting without a fire and are warm enough. We have three big boxes turned up side ways with an extra tent cover filled with straw on it, our blankets on the top of that, and this is a sofa bed and table for the present. The melodeon is all right and is worth a great deal. We left Washington on horse back on the twenty fourth. We rode all day, and at night halted in a clump of woods. Our baggage train was far in the rear with our tents so we had to sleep in the open air on Christmas Eve. We are work today putting up the cook room here by the encampment and in digging a well. Water or rather the want of it is our greatest trouble here.

Jan. 7, 1862. We have morning roll call now at half past six. I repeat the roll of ninety five men without the book now so I can gg out into the darkness every morning and evening and call the roll without a light. ..... The Atlantic came through to me at Washington. I should like very well to have the Independent every week and once in a while a Rutland Herald. It seems good to have a look at the familiar advertisements if nothing else.

Jan. 18, 1862. I have just received a letter from Em containing a fancy cloth cat and an ivory pen holder broken in seven pieces. In my letter from Washington which you never received I told you what a homesick time I had on a Saturday night when I didn't catch hold of that bundle. It was almost dark a### you remember, and there was some mismanagement about holding the lights so that all I could see when the train was drawing near you was the lights and not the hoop. Then as the train came nearer I was afraid lest I should run my arm into the crossing fence so I made a blind swoop in the dark and the instant that we passed the crossing I saw the hoop and you but i## I was too mad to say anything and so I stood staring back half inclined to jump off and wholly decided to wreck my vengeance on the steam engine at some future time. We passed the seminary and I shook my sword despairingly at the people there and then went into the car. To make the case still worse just before we got to Poultney the train stopped for wood and water for near half an hour, a stop which ###### they might just as well have made at Castleton. We college boys rode in the passenger cars nearly all the way to New York, but from there on we rode in an open freight car. That is a car with iron bars for a door. Here we rode, our blankets and saddles being packed away in another car which had gone on in another train. And so we slept on the dirty floor with nothing over us and with the cold wind sweeping over us through the open-work-door. There are lots of oysters here. This afternoon some seven or eight of the boys went down to the beech and came back to the camp in two or three hours with several large bags of oysters. Hence tomorrow we shall have oysters for breakfast.

Feb. 3, 1862

..... We collegians were all inhabitating one of these (sibley tents) and the captain and his waiter were without a place where to lay their heads. Hence you see it was necessary either for us to break up partnership and take my melodeon into a tent full of heathens or make some other move. We decided to make the other move. So we vacated our tent which we had fixed up. We took off the fly with us,then we set four posts in the ground at right angles and bought some boards of the city and boarded up a pen about four feet high. We then set up two sets of rafters, one at each end with a ridge pole connecting them; over this we spread our fly, boarded up the ends, fitted a wide board with leather hinges for a door, and there we had a house complete. In this we have shelves for the melodeon, for the company books, and for lots of things which people with canvas walls cannot have. Did I ever tell you that I lost my pin in Burlingtong. I lost it in the straw and it lay there for nearly two months..... a man who was left there with the sick found it,..... now I have it again on my breast.

Feb. 11. 1862. Drunkeness.

Feb. 23, 1862. The time is all ####ng taken up in the day time and at evening there are almost always a crowd in attracted by the melodeon.

Feb. 28, 1862. There are rumors that we shall soon have marching orders as the orders of the Potomac has begun to move.

March 12, 1862 We left our winter quarters very hastily last Sunday morning and started for Washington. We slept one night in the woods and arrived at Washington the next day. We are so sleep here without tents on the ground and all the men are now stretched around under their blankets while I write by the flickering fire. I have sent the melodeon and haven t had time yet to miss it.

March 20, 1862. We have once more got settled down after our march. We are within four miles from Ball's Bluff and three from Edward's Ferry, so we are getting nearer to rebeldom. I do not know how long we shall remain here but probably for a month or so. Our food is pretty good but there is a good deal of sameness about it. No bread but hard crackers and mainly salt pork and## with a little fresh meat now and then, some beans and occasionally a potato.

March 29, 1862. Harper's Ferry. This is our first night in the sacred soil of the old Dominion, and we are in strange quarters indeed. You have read that the village here is almost entirely deserted and many of the houses have been used by the rebel troops for quarters, and since they began the work of vandalism we have followed their example. Our horses are sleeping in some of the finest mansions that I ever saw. The mantles of varigated marble are some of them broken up on the floor. In one of the houses is a piece of piano which had been ruthlessly broken up. The horses have been hitched to the rosewood bannisters and everything looks as barborous and unseemly as possible. I have been around the town and nearly all the houses are abandoned, two churches have been used as stables. Last night we slept in the open field without shelter of any kind. So we go. One time we are quartered in a graveyard

again in the woods, then in marble palaces, and there we live. The rebels arerunning so fast that I guess nothing but Vermont horses can catch them. Hence they have sent, I suppose, for us. I have thought of the maple sugar often during the past week.

April 23, 1862. Newmarket. My last letter was written from the camp of our squadron in the woods near Edinburgh. A day after that was written we were roused at midnight and told to be ready to march at four o'clock. On that day there was a grand advance movement. It was bright moonlight when we started and as we came out of the woods the band of the Mass. Second was playing splendidly and the music and the moonlight and the long lines of bright bayonets made a fine scene for one to grow romantic over. But we didn't have much time for romance but we hurried along. The march was to us much like all the others which we have made, very different from riding around the streets of Burlington, over the pavements of N.Y.. Here are no waving flags, or handkerchiefs or smiling faces. Almost all the men have been pressed into the army and no one is left here except a few invalids and the women and children and they all think that we are going to butcher and burn everything which we come to. We had a bad road to travel but we went slow in order to wait for the artillary and infantry to keep up with us. We pity the poor infantry fellows as they came trudging along on foot bearing their heavy knapsacks and congratulated ourselves that we were in a better condition than they. Last Sunday afternoon we were again ordered into the saddle and we rode off in the rain not knowing where werRR were going. We kept on the great macademized road which stretches from Harper's Ferry through to Staunton. At dusk we halted and were sent around to the barns and corn fields for feed for our horses. We slept in an old deserted store. We had advanced six miles beyond the fartherest outposts of our troops, hence we were obliged to send out a large picket guard, and the poor tired fellows had to go out and sit all night in the saddle in the rain. ..... On the second night there was an alarm at midnight and we were awakened and ordered into the saddle to be ready where we sat until almost morning. And then turned in by #### the fire for a while.

Attacked by half dozen pickets, storming hill, taking village, nothing there but crying women and grinning negroes.

May 1, 1862. Address, Vermont. (vakt) Campted on a hill half a mile east of the village of Harrisburg which we were the first to take possession of in the name of Uncle Sam. Our marching orders came while I was writing and I had to pack my saddle and be off. It was rainging pretty hard when we set out about four P.M. and we rode about fourteen miles before stopping. The rain had then turned to snow and we were fearful of a cold bed, as we had left our tents. But we fortunately got into a huge barn where we got most of the horses and some of the men while the rest found quarters in the big house near by. Our expedition went through to Mt. Carawford where we found that the bridge was burned on the Staunton road so we came back and sought a place to encamp.

May 3, 1862. Harrisonburg. Cavalry is the only kind of force which can overtake the rebels where they run as they do here and they keep us running most all the time. The worst of it is that when we have orders to leave we never know whether we shall ever come back to the same camp or not. Skirmishes. Orders to charge through the woods for a mile. We dashed into the woods where we supposed that they were lying in wait for us but we soon found that they had retreated further than we thought. We kept right on at a tearing pace over a narrow, rugged road. When the first four or five of us rushed around the bushes into view the enemy started to charge on us but we raised our sabres and with wild cheers we rushed upon them and then they made a grand advance in the opposite direction.

May 22, 1862. Near Strassburg, Va. My horse "Brains" so far as I can learn, is rather sorry that he enlisted. The hard fare which he has seen since he came to Dixie has greatly diminished his flesh. I have taken the horse of one of the men who is wounded. I think that it is a good plan for me to drop brains now that Brainard has seceded and gone over to the Sykes.

June 3, 1862. Williamsport, Maryland. No postage. We are having some very severe storms and as are tents were all taken it makes it rather wet weather for us. On our retreat from Winchester, we rode all the way through the fields leaving the main road for the infantry and artillary. and some of the way we rode through wheat which was as high as the horses head. I have been writing these last few lines in an old barn which a couple of use have taken to escape from complete submersion.

June 26. Snicker's Ferry, Va. Ride to Harper's Ferry and back yesterday, fifty miles to make investigation about the box. You must remember, sir, that one of these days I am coming home with a sabre and a six-shoorter fastened to my belt and if you go roaming around the woods too much with Abbie I shall make a charge on you sometime when you are not looking for it. (To Allie) Three or four of us crossed the river the other day after cherries. We found any quantity of them there, nearly as large as our plums and very good. We found several rather pretty girls there on the same errand as ourselves. They invited us to climb the trees and throw down the little twigs for them to pick. We did so and had quite a pleasant time with them. They kindly expressed the wish that the rebels would get us before we got out of the orchard. And we in turn informed them that we were ready and willing to shoot any number of their secesh friends, But we parted very good friends. Guarding the Shenandoah. I wouldn t wonder if we should be driven out of Virginia again as we haven't yet enough troops here but there will be a great battle before we leave this time. The people ### of Virginia live mainly on the back roads and byways. A planter owns from ten to 1800 acres of land.

Camp near Fort Blenker.

We may stay right here for a month yet, although we are under orders to move at a moments notice. On the whole we are living like princes now. The breakfast which my contraband aide-de-camp;(a little "shade" some three and a half feet high who has followed me from Winchester) is now cooking will consist of sweet potatoes roasted in the ashes coffee, beaf steak fried, and soft bread, and yet we may come down to-morrow to hot bread and coffee and have nothing else for a month. I weigh over a hundred and fifty-eight which is more than I weighed at home.

July 15, 1862. Culpepper Court House.

Aug. 10, 1862. Near Camp Woodville. Narrowly escaped being cut off. I suppose you have heard that I have been commisioned second lieutenant in this company. This will considerably increase my wages. So if my life is spared I can help pay for the piano. Yes, I lost my college pin. The Delta got torn off first, and then the rest of it went a month or two since.

Sept. 26, 1862. At the time the brigade was being formed in line of battle and our regiment had come on the line the shells came too thick for the other regiments ## of the brigade to stand and they ran down under the cover of the hill. Meanwhile the rebels worked around into such a position as to cut us off from the rest of the brigade and hence from the general. We remained until it became evident that the general was unable to send us any order and then we moved off slowly.

Oct. 6 Near Fort Scott. Judging Uncle Sam's future course by his past we shall see no more money for six months. Hence if you have fifteen or twenty dollars which you can spare it will help me some.

Dec. 9. The removal and supercedure of McClellan has been followed by another kindred act, the removal and supercedure of myself. It is my business to ride around and visit the pickets at various timesof day and night, to see that they are awake and attentive to their duties. Meanwhile I have nothing to do in the military line. I intend to spend some of this leisure time in cultivating the acquaintance of various personnages in the vicinity, some of whom I am informed possess pianos.

Dec. 18. I feel too sad at our mournful defeat at Fredericksburg to ask any taunting questions about the magic doings of our new general. I only feel more deeply the folly of our government in casting from it in the hour of its need, the strongest arm and coolest brain which it had. But the great citizen soldiers who know so much up on the hill top have made up their minds and told Pres. Lincoln so that if the army would only move along and quit this awful system of getting ready and watching for opportunities that we could finish up the war, take Richmond, and do everything else in a few weeks. Hence the President said "go over" hence we have got a terrible thrashing. But now the army of the Potomac instead of resting safe and sound will lie over with five thousand poor fellows sleeping in the bloody trenches, 5000 or more crowded with shattered limbs and wounded bodies into the hospitals all over the land and 5000 widows and orphans weeping at home. This is not a very bright result of "On to Richmond".

Well, the central attraction of our table was that essence, illutration symbol, emblem and educator of southern character ~~##~~ and tactics, the possum.

January 7, 1863. Annandale, Va. I had a few glorious times with a piano at Lewinsville. A man from New York some ten years since, who owns a fine house, the old Lord Fairfax estate, was the possessor of a fine piano and a fine family of a son and daughter. I went there to a New Years dinner, spent the evening, and finally stayed all night. They took a prisoner the other day and the whole brigade turned out to see him.

March 10, 1863. Drainsville, Va. Drainsville is a mean, lonesome place so far off that we can t get anything to eat for ourselves and our horses so we have been sharpening up our memory and our teeth by living on hard crackers and giving our poor horses a taste of starvation.

April 2, 1863. Union Church, Va. I presume before you read this you will have heard of our April Fool's Day disaster. A party of a hundred and forty men left here at two o'clock yesterday morning with the expectation of finding Capt. Mosby who has caused us so much trouble, and capturing him and his party. They did find him but found him in ambush and waiting for them and were so severely handled by him that less than forty of our men are left of the party that went out. We and the rest of the regiment went up as soon as we heard of the disaster to bring off the dead and wounded. Seventy seven taken prisoners, 16 men were left wounded on the field or in houses near it, ambulances have been sent for these today, six men came into camp wounded, very badly hurt, one private was killed.

May 26, 1863. Williamsport, Maryland. We have had a terribly exciting time for the last two days. General Bank's force have been distributed around to other departments and left us with only a small force of about 4400 and a great many of these sick. This small force was all at once attacked by Ewell with strong reinforcement amounting to at least 20,000. These troops came, we suppose, from the evacuation of Richmond. We learned of the approach of this enemy about one o'clock on Saturday morning. Our regiment was immediately sent to discover if there was any force approaching. We found that the rascals had crossed the mts. and had cut off our regiment from the rest of the command. Five of our companies cut their way through with terrible loss. The rest of our regiment wholly unconscious of this ### came on and just as we crossed Cedar Creek we were welcomed with a brisk cannonading. The shells came whizzing by our heads in a most uncomfortable manner ##d had to retreat. All our tents and baggage taken, and the teamsters captured.

Sept. 25, 1863. Springfield, Mass.

Sept. 29, 1863. Washington, D.C.

Oct. 15, 1863. Six miles from Centerville. We have been doing Polk's retreat over again with some improvements. The second day our division was left until the last in the town (Culpepper) where we were obliged to remain so long in order to see that all the stores and trains were safely sent off that we got completely surrounded and had to fight from Culpepper to Rappahannock thirteen miles with the rebels on all sides of us. Had it not been for the health which we received near Brandy's station we should have been pretty much annihilated.

Oct. 22, 1863. Bull Run Battleground. We drew off & marched from Culpepper at four o'clock on the morning of Sunday. About noon we left " and fought all the afternoon during which we were surrounded and hemmed in and flanked and cut off and made charges, and cut our way through and underwent and overdid all sorts of huge and terrible things. We reached Rappanock about nine o'clock P.M. Marched up the railroad until eleven when we halted in a clump of trees. We had fought and been on picket the day and night before, had marched and fought all this day and thus far into the night. And you can suppose that we were ready to rest. We unsaddled our horses for the first time for four nights. We were very cold and hungry but preeminently tired and sleepy. We built large fires and ate a little hardtack and then laid down to sleep. We slept nearly an hour. Before twelve the bugles rand "Boots and saddles" and "To horse" through the woods and we had to arouse our jaded selves and horses and ride all that chilly night until morning and then go on picket for another day and night at Barnard's and Kelley's fords. We were rather poor pickets however for we must and did sleep. That getting up in the night was the toughest (as the soldiers say) thing which I ever did. I had suffered nearly as much from lack of sleep ~~before~~ never before but never under such aggravating circumstances or in such chilly weather.

Nov. 6. Cattell's Station.

Nov. 23, Near Strassburg? Aide Joshua Singleton.

Dec. 22 Near Brandy's station. I am also an invalid who had to go on the sick list for the first time in my military experience.

1864.

Jan. 5, 1864.

Jan. 11 Stevensburg. Dwight Smith came down from the sixth corps today and brought me the cheese and fruit. The reenlistment business still occasions some talk.

Jan. 20, 1864. Moreover I have a new job on hand, namely to hear the non-commissioned officers recite twice per week-a sort of reminental school master. (tactics and army regulations)

Jan. 26, 1864. Your papers with the primers have arrived and seem to be well used. I have been having a good sing tonight with three or four men.

Jan. 31, 1864.

Mar. 2, Yorktown, Va. On Tuesday we were within a mile and a half of Richmond throwing shells into the city.

Mar. 6 Annapolis, Maryland. Steamship trip.

Mar. 11 Alexandria, Va.

Mar. 20. Near Stevensburg.

Apr. 1

Apr. 8. Your observation concerning the variety of duties which I have been employed in is an apt one. I have served in the infantry (while at Brattleboro last summer) cavalry, artillary, in the quarter-master, adjutant, ordinance, and commissary departments. In fact if I could only have a short term in the navy I should think that I understand the routing of warlike matters to perfection.

Apr. 15. Near Stevensburg, Va.

Apr. 25. Twelve rebels all from the same company and regiment headed by a sargent came over and gave themselves up last night at Morton's Ford. I had to send them along to army head quarters. They were on picket and vacated the post en masse. They have been coming over very plentifully of late. I am under the provost marshal of the corps and have twenty five men detailed with me for provost duty, Such as guarding prisoners, making arrests, distributing convalescents, recruits, capturing deserters etc.

May 2. ~~I have received~~ I have been playing ball very hard for two days and my arm is so sore that I can hardly write. The grass is getting up finally. All the apple, peach, and cherry trees have been blooming and fragrant for a week or more.

May 13. I scrawl just a line lying on the ground. I hardly know what to write. I am unhurt and well although of course terribly tired. This awful fight has been raging for eight days almost incessantly. This morning it is more quiet alhtough there are skirmishes. It is pretty certain that the rebels are retreating. We have been worked constantly during the whole time. I and my party have been with the Provost Marshall of the corps. We have not been much exposed to fire except from artillery; and there has been but little of that used on either side, but particularly by the rebels. We have been kept in rear of the line of battle and employed in driving up stragglers and taking off the rebel prisoners. The second corps has achieved more I believe than any of the army although the entire army has been engaged. The fighting has most of it been with musketry in thick woods grown up with underbrush. A rebel captain, who was in a squad which I took off the other day, told me that he had been fighting all the time and his regiment had suffered terribly, but that the first Yankee he had seen was the one who captured him. Our duties have called us to all parts of the army and the field and we have seen much of the wounded, the dying and the dead. A large number are wounded in the head, and a majority of the wounds are horrible ones. I am sure that there has never been any fighting in this country which approaches in destructive fierceness this this desperate and sanguinary struggle. It is probably far from being over yet. Yesterday morning our corps performed the most brilliant act of the whole - marched all the night before, and attacked the enemy on

the left flank completely surprising them, and capturing between seven and eight thousand prisoners, twenty-five pieces of artillery, Maj. Gen. Johnson and Brig. Gen. Stuart - not the cavalry man. Among these were the famous "Stonewall Brigade" Jackson's original brigade which has been in the war from the first - all up the Shenandoah - and which has been the particular pet and pride of the rebels. This we gobbled pretty much entire.

Memoranda of Ed's Prison Life

(Captured June 29, 1864
Released 1865

July 4, 1864 / I am sitting in a foul box car crowded with Yankee prisoners and rebel guards, among the former of whom I rank. The train has been delayed here somewhere in S. C., for five hours by a break in the road.

We have passed a hot sweltering night and have the prospect of more such before us. A year since I was in Washington, clean and comely, sipping my ice cream and soda water, attending celebrations and hearing fair music.

Quo tempora mutantur! / And yet today I am happier than a year ago. Last year's Fourth was a glorious one for the country, God grant that this may equal it.

Arrive at Columbia S.C. at five P.M. and am lodged in the Richland prison.

Sat. July 9. Arrive at Camp Oglethorpe, Macon, Ga, Confederate Prison our permanent destination.

Sun. July 10. / We draw our rations of cornmeal, are assigned to squads and messes and commence the routine of prison life. / We are very much embarrassed at the scarcity and difficulty of obtaining working utensils or any receptacles or receivables for rations of any kind. / I pay twelve dollars for two tin plates / (Confederate money)

Mon. July 11th. It is probably a waste of labor to attempt a memorandum of this monotonous sameness. We sleep, cook, eat, wash our shirts, and ourselves, are counted by the prison keeper like so many sheep and that is all. This is too crowded a pen for much attempt at study or thought.

There are fifteen hundred officers in this enclosure. Most of them have had boards furnished them and have built sheds for habitations. We who came late find quarters when we can. Captain Grant and I sleep on the ground in a corner of the shed occupied by the officers of our reg't who have been here since last year.

July 21. If ever I am permitted to resume communication and connection I shall wish to send or say many things to you, O, Noble; my heart's friends, of whom I have so frequent thoughts, and whose weekly message I so greatl miss. So from henceforth I inscribe to you these occasional scribblings.

Perchance I should peak more particularly of how and what we eat, since that is a prominent feature in our daily employment and meditation. We draw a pint of unsifted cornmeal, a few beans, and some atoms of rice, salt, molasses and vinegar daily.

We are furnished with one skillet, one pan, and tin boiler for each twenty men. With these we cook. The survivors of this imprisonment will be able to write each a "handbook on cookery".

We bake cornbread, fry corncakes, boil mush, and bean soup and alternate these dishes as best we can, and when we are through fell filled and disgusted with the vapid, mealy, tasteless monotony of the whole.

/ There is a petty purveyor's stand allowed by our keeper where one can purchase small apples at two dollars per dozen - onions at the same sale, soft bread at a dollar per loaf, molasses at six dollars per quart etc. As my pockets were kindly emptied by my captors I am not able to make heavy purchases./ But I sometimes am presented with an onion (things which I always abhorred) which I eat raw with salt and vinegar with great relish./ This life teaches me how much our minds are in subjection to our stomachs. Interspersed with the dreams of music, friends and home, which generally fill hte reveries of a wanderer come often visions of my mother's delicious buckwheat cakes and maple molasses and the melting sweetness of her white biscuits, butter and honey!/ Such thoughts have occupied my day dreams before this in my soldier life but never before have they come to my sleeping hours.

July 24. Those sleeping hours, by the way, are not the most pleasant. The nights are pretty cool and we have no blankets.

/ Our friends here have kindly lent us a blanket which we put between us and the ground, for the rest I take off my coat and spread it over me; and in order to use my body impartially, I cover the lower half during the first of the night and then draw the coat up over my face during the remainder. I give my lower extremities the precedance in point of time because in the morning the face needs protection from the annoyance of the flies./

July 27. /Left Macon at midnight and am started with six hundred others by sail for Charleston./

July 28. /Jumped off the cars at midnight half way between Savannah and Charleston with Capt. Beeman/attempting an independent expedition for liberty

July 29. /We walk about in the swamps among lizards and alligators till daylight then lie down./ Find ourselves surrounded by a belt of impossible swamp. Meditate upon the situation. Breakfast - cornbread and onions. Dinner green pears.

Charlestown City Jail

Aug. 8. An ominous blank appears in my journal and these two last dates are suggestive of a decided change in circumstances.

Well, a few days of freedom are better than none. And save considerable exhaustion and some ugly mosquito bites we find ourselves none the worse for a short season spent in "coast survey".

How did they catch us? Well after the day spent in vainly looking for a seaward passage through the swamp in which we found ourselves, we determined to retrace our steps toward the railroad and take a new start. /Toward night we revealed ourselves to a negro - that

was our error/- and endeavored to gain some information concerning roads and rivers. After learning what we could - not much - we withdrew to the swamp to await the night before commencing our movement. At dark we sallied out. Half an hour's walk brought us to the negro settlement of the rice plantation upon which we have been wandering. The hands had nearly all gone to bed and we decided to pass boldly through it. We passed unmolested too near its extremity when we were accosted by one of the dusky inhabitants who seemed laboring under the weight of some intelligence which he longed to communicate. We entered imto conversation with him and inquired for the roads to the coast. This subject seemed to awaken his eloquence and without making himself very intelligible he enlarged and expatiated in his broken jargon ~~until~~ I was bewildered in attempts to understand him.

All at once we heard the sound of horsehoofs and our colored friend started up telling us it was his --- and that he would presently return, went down to the gate near by. / In another moment a couple confederate cavalry trotted into the street and we had barely time to whisper to each other "We are gone up" when with cocked carbine they called on us to surrender. / We were betrayed by the negroes. They had reported us to the overseer on our first appearance who had dispatched word to a cavalry camp near by.

Aug. 8 / This Charleston jail is a most villainous place. A very large strongly built edifice with a small yard of about an acre in size. We are crowded into this yard (six hundred of us) a filthy place full of

sinks and sewers. / Most of our party are furnished with tents but we swamp wanderers who arrived last sleep where we can.

The jail is filled with deserters from both armies, convicts and criminals of all descriptions, male and female. To confine prisoners of war in such company is a disgraceful act which none but these rebel rascals could perpetrate. When we first arrived here our rations were very good bread and beef and they assured us we should be speedily removed to more suitable quarters. But this promise has been repeated so often that we now believe that the perfidious scoundrels are only tantalizing us. We are confirmed in this belief by the fact that / yesterday our ration of beef was changed to one of lard, a spoonful and a half to a man, and today instead of bread we are offered some rice! / Think of it - lard and rice for N. E. officers, captured in honorable war, to eat. We refused to accept the ration and are now living on indignation waiting the result of a protest which we have sent to Gen. - If we are kept much longer in the filthy pen many will have no need of rations of any kind. This is nothing like the prison life of which we read in books. No romance, no solitary hours devoted to study and meditation. We are rather like a herd of hogs crowded in a sty in which all our energies are required to keep ourselves alive and clean and free from vermin.

/ Federal Prisoners Hospital

Tuesday, Aug. 30, 1864. I have been here three weeks quite sick and unable to write. / Am a little better now but still weak and not yet free from fever.

Wednesday, / Aug. 31. Still the same, / perhaps a trifle better. The surgeons here are very kind. I cannot walk but a few steps,

Thursday, Sept. 1. Still the same.

Fri. Sept. 2. Feel a little better this morning. Mean to write home today if I feel able.

Sat. Sept. 3. Am feeling a little stronger. If I only could go home. Commencement is over. Oh, Noble! What would I not give for your experience there! Well, patience God "doeth all things well."

Sunday, Sept. 4th. I am no better unless that my appetite is improving; and I get hardly enough to satisfy it. Have read several chapters in the Bible today.

Mon. Sept. 5. Am a little stronger and hungry as a bear, don't get half as much to eat as I want. "I want to go home and see my mother".

Tues. Sept. 6. I get a little strength but oh so slowly. Heaven grant me patience. My appetite still good.

Wed. Sept. 7. I gain strength a little but very slowly.

Thurs. Sept. 8. I have passed a very comfortable day. We have had a visit from our kind sisters of Charity who brought us a good dinner. I have not spoken before of their visits. When we were in town at Hospital they used to make us almost daily visits. Since we came out here we see them not more than once a week, but they always bring us kind words and good things to eat. I write these daily scraps mainly to preserve the day of the week and month, not hoping that they will interest any one.

Fri. Sept. 9. I have not been well today. Ate too many of the Sisters' good things yesterday and have atoned therefor by a day of illfeeling.

Sat. Sept. 10. I have been week and faint all day. I got some bread and milk this morn which did me good.

Sun. Sept. 11. I have passed a pretty comfortable day but very weak. O "home, sweet home" can I ever see them again!

Mon. Sept. 12. A comfortable day - Not gaining much strength.

Tues. Sept. 13. I have felt very well today. Went down stairs for the first time since I have been here.

Wed. Sept. 14. We had a visit from the Sisters today, but our surgeon was surly and would allow them to bring nothing to our (the sick) ward. But they brought some baked sweet potatoes to one of my neighbors of which I got a share and which were excellent. I am gaining some, have had a good day. I buy a pint of milk (capt. Adams gave me some money) every night and morning and have bread and milk which strengthens me. No hope of exchange appears in the distance. Alas! Ah, for home.

Thurs. Sept. 15. I have been transferred to the convalescent ward - a step towards getting well apparently. Am waiting with a ravenous appetite for a terribly late dinner.

Fri. Sept. 16. I am getting stronger. Wrote home today for money. Oh that I could go for it. Soldiers are dying here two and three a day. I believe our Government is responsible before God for the horrid death of so many thousand of our men when an exchange would have saved them.

Sat. Sept. 17. Feeling pretty much the same.

/ Sun. Sept. 18. I have been feeling rather weaker if anything. We don't get enough to eat. /

Mon. Sept. 19. No change in condition or circumstances.

Tues. Sept. 20. I've not felt so well for today.

Wed. Sept. 21. No change

Thurs. Sept. 22 No change, perhaps a little stronger. My money runs out and I get no more milk. We expected the sisters today but they did not come.

Fri. Sept. 23. Nothing new.

Sat. Sept. 24. I go on full diet. Sherman and Wood have made arrangements to exchange all prisoners captured by them in the late campaign. Several of the officers of Sherman's army left here today. Oh that Grant and Lee would concoct a similar plan!

Sun. Sept. 25. I am put back upon half diet again. Am feeling very well however. In reaching the Bible as I have a good deal of late I am struck at noticing how much of it relates to and is applicable to prisoners. From the captivity of Joseph and the Egyptian bondage through all the successive periods of Babylonish and Assyrian captivity down to the arrest of our Saviour and the imprisonment of Peter and especially Paul - the good book is full of pages which should teach us languishers in bonds that it is through "patience and long suffering" that we shall finally attain". Still one cannot help sometimes sighing "How long".

Mon. Sept. 26. Full diet again and yet now just after dinner I am decidedly empty. Today is brother A's birthday. God bless the dear boy! How I wish I knew how and where he is! At Midd. enjoying all good things I trust. Perhaps drafted and on his way to the fatal field - which heaven forbid!

Tues. Sept. 27. I am getting on well. We had a visit from the Sisters today with a supply of good things which did not make me sick.

Wed. Sept. 28. Nothing new. I am now expecting to return to prison.

Thurs. Sept. 29. I was captured three months ago today. Alas that never-to-be-forgotten day! Poor Dwight! I hope and pray he surrives that awful Andersonville. Have had a feverish spell today and the Dr. prescribed quinine.

(1861)

Fri. Sept. 30. Feeling well - I enlisted at Midd three years ago today.

Sat. Oct 1. Nothing new.

Sun. Oct. 2 " "

Mon. Oct. 3. Feeling well. Oh, how bitterly weary am I of these idle days. Waiting with no word from the dear ones at home for the far distant day of release! "Sick and in prison", a thousand miles from home, with no money or clothing or friends! God help and pity me! "All things shall work together for good".

Tues. Oct. 4. A sick day.

Wed. Oct. 5. Better - a little feverish.

Thurs. Oct. 6 Go on half diet.

Fri. Oct 7. A comfortable day. The Sisters make us a visit. Blessings on their kind hearts, smiling faces, and good things to eat!

Sat. Oct. 8. No change.

Sun. Oct 9 The Dr. has taken the names of all who are able to travel. We expect to move to Columbia soon.

Mon. Oct 10. Feeling well. A visit from the sisters but best and most welcome of all a letter from Frank Fox, the first word which I have ever received from any one since my capture. Bless his kind heart!

Tues. Oct. 11. Anniversary of our Brandy Station fight. Go on full diet - don't feel so well. Take my discharge from hospital. We are again lodged in the city jail yard. I have no blanket - sleep alone on the ground, wrapped in an old tent - Rough!

Wed. Oct. 12. Get confed money from a speculator and feel happy.

Columbia --- Prison Camp. Sorghum

Nov. 10. Still "in bonds". I hoped to see a change before election, but election is over and I have cast no vote on this my first year "of age".

This is by far my pleasantest prison experience - not because of any rebel aid - but because I am messing with officersof my own right and we have money so that we can buy enough of meat and sweet potatoes to live comfortably. / We are entirely unprovided by the rebels with any shelter but have built and dug ourselves tolerably comfortable habitations of brush, logs, and occasionally a bit of canvas or cloth. The feed is nothing but sorghum - a vile substitute for molasses - no meat at all - semi-occasionally a little flour. / I found a letter from home here for me.

Nov. 29. Four months today since I was captured. A great many have escaped from camp within the last few weeks and started for our lines. Capt. Grant went out near two weeks since. Sherman is just now scaring the rebs almost to death. They allow us no papers lest we learn of his proximity.

/ Thanksgiving Day passed quietly. / Capt. Adams and I were hard at work on our chimney and made no especial demonstrations. We have the prospect of a winter's imprisonment before us. Dark! If I were well and strong as I once was I would have escaped before this. Escapes are very easy here now as far as regards our present keepers. Almost any guard can be bribed to let an officer out for a small sum. But there is a long distance of two or three hundred miles to be traveled through a country where every white man is a rebel soldier which in this season of the year few are able to achieve.

Dec. 9. Today the first batch of men leave our camp for "sick exchange" Capt. Beman is of the number. I have written a long letter home and sent out by one of the fortunate ones. Capt. Grant was recaptured a few days since.

Dec. 12. /We leave "Camp Sorghum" and move bag and baggage to the city (Columbia) and are ushered into the yard of the Lunatic Asylum. This is a large yard of some five acres surrounded by a high brick wall. We are turned out of doors again and have a cold time attempting to sleep. /The rebs have begun to draw us lumber and make fair promises (as usual) that they will enable us to make ourselves comfortable. There have been orders issued prohibiting the delivery of any more money or boxes. Also rumors of exchange are afloat. Oh would to Heaven that It might be able to finish this year's diary with the record of our restoration to a land where Christians dwell and civilization prevails. /We talk of buying a stove, but as it will cost us probably five hundred dollars it will pull heavily upon our unreplenished pockets. And we have to buy pretty much all that we eat./

Sun. Dec. 18. A week before Christmas! Our much ---- hopes of exchange have all withered and the dark reality of a winter in prison is upon us. We have now been in the Lunatic Asylum Yard a week. Our prospective barracks shivering are ------ in their unclothed rafters. We have a prospect of a shower before us. (Showers last several days or weeks in this country!)

/The Confederacy has run out of lumber after completing ten of the thirty one buildings we shall fill./ I get no letters or money or boxes. (We can have no more of the last named article they say)

Well, we can only pray that Grant and Sherman may pound hard and heavy blows thickly and persistently until this humbug shell of a government, this infernal abortion, the Secession Democracy be hammered to powder!

/In vain have we hoped for some improvement in our rations. We get no meat, no bread, no vegetables, no beans, nothing but meal and some atoms of flour, rice and salt! and plenty of sorghum. Oh, for the potatoes, apples, pumpkins and milk which my father is feeding to the pigs and cows! /

Dec. 31. Today at four P.M. the last hours of this last day of the last month of this year, we get our first quantity of boards from the rebs for our building. The weather is bitter cold and we have suffered these last weeks not a little.

1865

Jan. 1. Capt. Penfield wakes us up as we sleep on the ground by thrusting an icicle two feet long under our blanket with "Happy New Year."

Jan. 22. Yesterday a letter from home arrived dated Dec. 20. This seems much more like a letter than anything else which I have had. It brings the sad news of Williamson's death. The weather is wet, cold and disagreeable. We have our building completed but it is a dark damp uncomfortable affair - leaks when it rains - is a poor protection from the cold. Prices are as follows at present, and raising daily as the confederacy and its currency depreciate.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Bread. | $1.50 | per loaf, weighing less than ½ pound. |
| Beef | 3.50 | to 5.00 per lb. |
| Beans | 1.50 | per quart. |
| Rice. | 3.50 | " " |
| Lard | 14.00 | " lb. |
| Butter. | " | " " |
| Sweet potatos | 30.00 | per bushel |
| Candles | 4.00 | apiece |
| Eggs | 8.00 | per dozen |
| Flour | 3.00 | per cupful or 800.00 per barrel |
| Bacon | 7.00 | per lb. |
| Sausage | " | " " |
| Soda | 20.00 | per lb. |
| Pepper unground | 1.00 | per spoonful |
| Salt | " | " " |
| Shoes | 100.00 | to $175. per pair |
| Boots | traditionary | |
| Writing paper | (8.00 pr. quire) | |
| Gold | 40.00 | for $1 |
| Tooth brush | 10.00 | |
| Comb | 15.00 | |

Jan. 24. Gold $57 for $1. The ration which we get from the rebels is entirely insufficient to support life if any one should be forced to rely upon it wholly for subsistence. I will give it entire. I get to last me five days just four pints of unsifted cornmeal - 4 pts. - one gill rice - one gill - two spoonfuls salt - two spoonfuls - one half pint sorghum. This is all, no meat or anything in the shape of ----- no bread, flour, vegetables. O the infernal scoundrels! To pretend to carry on their sham humbug ofa government when such is all the food they can give to their prisoners. My last letter brings the humiliating information that my orderly has been promoted over me. No metter/ I won't resign if I get out of this before the war closes. So long as there are rebels I mean to do nothing but fight them. /

Feb. 15. / My Birthday! Passed in a box car on the way from Columbia to Charlotte, N.C./ This differs from my Fourth of July celebration in that I am stiff and frozen with cold and then I was sweltering with heat. We reach Charlotte at night and camp in some pine woods. The day is marked by one occurrence worthy of it - namely/ we get one days ration consisting of five hard crackers and a morsel of bacon - the first issue of meat we have had for five months./

Charlotte, N.C.

Feb. 20. Hurrah, Hallelujah. We have signed our parole for exchange and are hourly expecting the order to go to Wilmington for transfer to our lines. We hardly dare to "crow" until we are under our flag but our hearts are full of hope and joy. This is the greatest event of my life - the transfer from this level of barbarism, slavery, and suffering to our own glorious rule of liberty, light and joy.

March 3. We are on board the U. S. transport anchored off Ft. Fisher where we have been lying all night waiting for high tide to put out to sea on our homeward trip. We are dirty and crowded but the stars and stripes are over us and every one is glad and [illegible] We passed through the lines of squalid rebels into our own clean files on the first of March the most memorable day in my life.